



SUNG BY

JOHN McCORMACK

FRANCIS ROGERS

CANTOR JOSEF ROSENBLATT AND REINALD WERREN RATH

# DUNA

Song

THE WORDS BY

MARJORIE PICKTHALL

The Music by

JOSEPHINE MCGILL



BOOSEY & CO., LTD.

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# OTHER RECENT SUCCESSFUL SONGS BY EMINENT COMPOSERS

Words by  
C. A. RENSHAW

## DRUMADOON

Music by  
WILFRID SANDERSON

Sung by Mr. REINALD WERREN RATH

*Con moto*  
*mp a little slower*

No. 1 in A  
No. 2 in B<sup>b</sup>  
No. 3 in C  
No. 4 in D

My dreams go back to Drum - a - doon Where all my youth pass'd by: My ma - gie youth, my tra - gie youth, That  
fired the sun - set sky; And God! to see the frail white moon And hear the sea - birds cry, To stand with you in

*cresc.*  
*accel.*  
*mp*  
*agitato with feeling*  
*molto cresc.*  
*ff*  
*meno mosso e marc.*  
*molto cresc.*  
*ff*  
*rit.*

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Words by  
DENA TEMPEST

No. 1 in D

## TRIBUTES

No. 2 in F

Music by  
HOWARD FISHER

*Andante moderato*  
*pp*

All her dreams at peace with her, All her fears at rest, All the throbbing life of her Cold within her breast;

*ff*

With the blue for get - me - not, The lil - ies white as snow, Lay your hopes with in her grave.

*ff*  
*don't drag*

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No. 1 in F

No. 2 in G

## AFTER LONG ABSENCE

No. 3 in A<sup>b</sup>

Words by DENA TEMPEST

Sung by JOHN McCORMACK

Music by WILFRID SANDERSON

*mp trattenuto*  
*Andante moderato*  
*mp legato colla voce*  
*a tempo.*

When you come back 'twill be in sud - den gloam - ing, No sun, no star, nor light a - round I'll see, For all God's

heav'n will in your eyes be shin - ing, shin - ing When you come back to me!

*f*  
*ff*  
*Largamente*  
*rit.*  
*molto legato*  
*f*  
*ff*  
*rit.*

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## DUNA.

When I was a little lad (lass)  
With folly on my lips,  
Fain was I for journeying  
All the seas in ships.  
But now across the southern swell  
Every dawn I hear  
The little streams of Duna  
Running clear.

When I was a young man (maid)  
\*Before my beard was gray,  
All to ships and sailormen  
I gave my heart away.  
But I'm weary of the sea-wind,  
I'm weary of the foam,  
And the little stars of Duna  
Call me home.

MARJORIE PICKTHALL.

*\*When sung by a lady, substitute:*

"And life was glad and gay"

## D U N A.

Words by  
MARJORIE PICKTHALL.

Music by  
JOSEPHINE Mc GILL.

**Con moto.** about (84 = ♩).

VOICE. *mf* When

PIANO. *mf*

I was a lit - tle (lass) With fol - ly on my lips, —

Fain was I for jour - ney - ing All the seas in ships. But

*p*

now a - cross the south - ern swell, Ev - 'ry dawn I hear — The

lit - tle streams of Du - na run - ning clear, *p*

The lit - tle streams of Du - na run - ning

clear.

*sostenuto.*

*mf*

When I was a young man, Be - fore my beard was  
(maid, And life was glad and

*mf*

gray, — All to ships and sai - lor - men I gave my heart a -  
gay, —)

*pp rit.*

- way, But I'm wea - ry of the sea - wind, I'm wea - ry of the

*pp rit.*

*a tempo*

foam, And the lit - tle stars of Du - na, Call me home. —

*a tempo*

*pp rit.*

The lit - tle stars of

Du - na call me home, \_\_\_\_\_ The lit - tle stars of

*pp a tempo.*

Du - na, Call me home. \_\_\_\_\_

*a tempo.*

*pp*

*ppp*

Ed. 8

# OTHER RECENT SUCCESSFUL SONGS BY EMINENT COMPOSERS

No. 4 in E<sup>b</sup> **THE CONNEMARA SHORE** No. 2 in G

Words by MARY MARRIOTT Music by HOWARD FISHER

*Andante moderato*

With joys for all the sor-rows past, A kiss for ev-'ry tear; Then ev-'ry hour of love will prove Worth

*ten.* all that went before, With the long waves roll - - - ing On the Con-ne-ma-ra shore.

*colla voce*

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No. 1 in D<sup>b</sup> No. 2 in E<sup>b</sup> **THE LIGHT I LOVE BEST** No. 3 in F

Words and Music by JOHN A. HOPKINS

*Moderato*

I love the star-light, the frosty and far light That's pure as your in-no-cent heart; I love the twilight, the tender and shy light When

cares of the day time de-part; And I love the light of the dawn, pale and bright, When bird-songs are filling the skies, But the

*cresc.*

*f* *mp*

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No. 1 in D<sup>b</sup> No. 2 in E<sup>b</sup> **SITTIN' THINKIN'** No. 3 in F

Words by DENA TEMPEST Music by HOWARD FISHER

*Andante. (Rather broad)*

Sung by Mr. REINALD WERREN RATH

*ten.* *Lento*

And when my Shepherd calls me home To fold, to fold at sun's red sink-in', He'll know 'twas how I worshipped

*colla voce*

Him, Just sit-tin' think-in', sit-tin' think-in'.

*ff* *colla voce* *p* *rit.* *pp*

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